

# Press-Herald

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## At Commencement Time

For several hundred Torrance students, today is "G-Day"—the day they submit to their final test as high school students, that of listening to the commencement speaker pass on some thoughts about commencement.

Despite the tendency to consider such addresses as cliché-ridden, they do hold certain truths which should be accepted by the graduating class.

First, the class will be reminded that commencement is the beginning not the end of the educational process. From the time the student picks up his high school diploma, the educational chores which he assigns to himself can determine his future.

Second, the seniors will be told that the world is theirs to do with as they choose. They can devise bigger bombs and blow it to smithereens, or they can devise ways for man to live together in harmony. It's trite but true that among the high school seniors graduating this week are scientists, engineers, physicians, legislators, and leaders of tomorrow. And tomorrow is almost here.

The commencement speakers will have other words of advice for the graduating classes, all of it said many times, all of it worth hearing again. Amid the excitement of the ceremonies, it might be well for today's seniors to make a mental note of the ideas presented to them. They could be worth contemplation at a quieter moment.

## Think Summer Safety

There are so many things for children to do when school is out for the summer safety knowledge must be re-emphasized.

Extra caution is required particularly of drivers in and around residential and playground areas.

An important safeguard for parents is to know where their children are at all times during the day.

Youngsters should be encouraged to use parks and recreational facilities and prevented from playing in streets or other hazardous locations.

When visiting the beach children should be accompanied by an adult and warned to swim near a life-guard station.

Private swimming pools in the neighborhood require proper safeguards, including adult supervision and adequate fencing.

The use of bicycles and skateboards on sidewalks, parking lots and in the streets necessitates increased caution by drivers.

It is better to travel at a low rate of speed and avoid overloading the car on outings than to take the least chance of careless tragedy.

## Opinions of Others

"Real equality will come only when the American Negro is given a chance to vote. . . . This is the only answer to the dilemma of civil rights. And the sooner Congress can solve it the better."—Beverly (Mass.) Times.

"Don't feel left out if the government hasn't yet got around to building you a house, paying you for not growing something, or providing a guaranteed wage. The latest idea is to pay rent for those not poor enough to get in a housing project and too poor to pay regular rent. A lot of us ought to qualify."—Corrigan (Texas) Times.

"Various resolutions have been introduced in the Senate and House at Washington calling for a constitutional amendment to overturn the Supreme Court's decision on state legislative apportionment. Write your senator and congressmen supporting such a measure, which would allow a state to apportion one branch of the legislature on some basis other than population."—Storm Lake (Iowa) Pilot-Tribune.

## A Tragedy of Errors by Jerry Marcus



"Oh yeah! I say you didn't signal the turn."  
The Travelers Safety Service  
Failure to signal killed and injured almost 55,000 persons in 1964.

## Come Back In Buddy



ROYCE BRIER

## Supersonic Flight Still Receives Mixed Support

There is a 2000 m.p.h. flying machine over the Mojave these days, though its owners have only hit 1700 m.p.h. so far.

It is the XB-70, and it is the most advanced planes in the air. It weighs 250 tons, has six motors with 180,000 pounds thrust, about twice that of a commercial jet. Its ceiling is around 14 miles.

This Air Force craft while still on the drawing board was the center of a big controversy in the late 1950s. Some of the Pentagon wanted a fleet, some didn't want any, because, they said, intercontinental missiles would make it obsolete before it could be produced in quantities.

There are only two such craft now, and they cost about \$750 million each, development and production. They are capable of intercontinental delivery of a hydrogen bomb, in case you want to fly one somewhere.

The plane has certain faults, said to be not operational, but related to extra-

ordinary mass and speed. For instance, they are reported to lay down a savage sonic boom at 50-mile radii off their flight path.

You recall from the old movies, circa 1930, you would see a commercial airliner landing and taking off with hero or heroine. These were two motor DC-3s, and they look funny to us today, though some are still flying. The war developed the 200 m.p.h. four-motor plane, which made the transatlantic run in 15 hours, one stop. Postwar speed was pushed up to 350 m.p.h., and the pure jet at something under the velocity of sound did not come until the mid-1950s.

National air forces and commercial lines stocked up on jets, and the prop planes became obsolescent. Immediately everybody was talking about the next step, the supersonic airliner.

The technological spiral (which had a look of infinity) seemed to guarantee speeds of 1200 m.p.h., then 2000, then 3000 and so on.

But something happened—partly economic, partly laws of physics. The airlines had no sooner written off their props, than they would now be asked to write off their jets in a few years, and they had billions invested. It became clear that only governments with access to tax reservoirs, could meet the costs involved in development. It was also wondered if a two-hour trip, New York to London-Paris, would pay off in cash over a leisurely five hours. The United States hesitated, and Britain and France joined, then hesitated.

Moreover, the supersonics offered serious obstacles in heating from air friction, and in sheer noise.

So that's how it stands today—two airplanes with performance somewhat classified, hardly toys but expensive as toys. It may be, however, that as you watch your city and county taxes spiral (with a true infinity), a few national billions for supersonic experiment doesn't hurt so much.

WILLIAM HOGAN

## Cloud Mass Below Brings Jet Traveler to Reading

The other day I boarded a noon jet at Kennedy Airport and, because of the time shift, landed in San Francisco at 2:25 p.m. My fellow passengers seemed adequately equipped with books, paperbacks mostly ("The Storm Over The Deputy," "Lord Jim"). A transcontinental flight affords one an opportunity to read, especially if there is a cloud mass below, which in our case there was to the Dakotas.

But just as the sky opened up—as though God were presenting the Grand Tetons and the Rockies for the first time—the shades came down and a movie starring Richard Todd and a couple of candy-box girls began to unwind on an improvised screen. Most of the books were instantly stowed. The eyes of my fellow Americans were glued to the innocuous nonsense that, apparently, is considered to be really living six miles up.

An invasion of privacy?

Of course. Through a crack of light below my window shade (one does not distract the movie-goer in the sky), I peered at Great Salt Lake, the Nevada deserts, the Sierra. God was in His heaven, but all was not right with the world.

Airplane reading: There's a twist in a novel of intrigue by Abraham Rothberg called "The Thousand Doors" (Holt; \$4.95). The target is a series of manuscripts written by the fictional former vice president of Yugoslavia, now in disgrace with his government and party. The model for Konstantin Korst, the intellectual former Communist powerhouse, is obviously Milovan Djilas, the real Yugoslav political figure and deputy of Marshal Tito, who has been in and out of jail over the years because of his revealing political essays which have been published abroad.

Rothberg is an American correspondent who has spent some time in Yugoslavia and knows the country and its politics well. This entertainment is a crisp and unusual literary whodunit that certainly might appeal to fanciers of John le Carre and Eric Ambler.

An American literary

## Quote

Once a tax is upon us, history shows that it is difficult to dislodge from the public spine.—Alan Jay Factor, Beverly Hills, on "temporary" gas tax rise.

STAN DELAPLANE

## Window Shopping By Mail Can Be Fun, Stan Reports

"I don't ever expect to be able to travel abroad. But I have heard you can shop in some foreign countries by mail . . ."

You can. I do a little shopping by mail. Some places have very good catalogues. And some very good prices—but you have to pay U. S. duty to the mailman on delivery. It's fun even window shopping. So here are a few places to write for catalogues:

Shannon Free Airport, Ireland (25 cents for the catalogue). Schipol Free Airport, Amsterdam, Netherlands (no illustrations in the one I saw). Simpson's-in-Piccadilly, London, S.W.1, England. (Very smart catalogue of clothing and gifts for men and women.) S.P.E. Oberon, 9 Rue Scribe, Paris, France. (Gifts but best for its perfume list.)

Hawaii Blossoms, Honolulu, Hawaii for plants and flower leis. (Handy for ordering overnight by wire for anniversaries.)

The New York Shopping Guide (\$1.95) lists many hard-to-get and foreign items with firm names and addresses. (I get fresh Hungarian paprika that way.) If it isn't in a book store, order from Dept. ES, M. Barrows and Co., 425 Park Avenue South, New York.

"On recommendation you made several weeks ago, we are taking the BOAC flight (10 a.m.) to London from New York. You did not mention whether they sell duty-free cigarettes abroad."

They do. But for a wider choice of brands, buy them duty-free (delivery on board) at a shop in the BOAC departure building. This flight is on the new British VC-10. All four engines in the tail. BOAC food and service is excellent. And London arrival time is just right—9:30 p.m.

"Would August be a good time for a vacation in Mazatlan, Mexico?"

If you can just put this off until September, it will be five degrees cooler and much less rain. West Coast Mexico is pretty warm in August.

"What does one wear in Tahiti? We will stay at Hotel Tahiti."

That's Spance Weaver's place and the plushiest hotel on the island. So you might want to put on shoes in the evening. But you don't have to. Tahiti dress is very relaxed—day and night, shorts, slacks, short-sleeve shirts, blouses. Make them light and washable. And carry one light sweater. If it rains, it gets a little chill. Very good food. Very tropical. You'll like it.

"And we would appreciate a place to buy Tahitian music."

The music man of Tahiti is Eddie Lund (originally from Seattle but long in the islands). Many stores in Papeete have his records. But you can buy them all over the U. S. now. Recent one he did with James Michener, the "South Pacific" writer.

"We will be in Hong Kong for five days. Are prices still very good?"

This is a free port town (no duty, no tax). Robin Kinkhead of Pan American, just back, says: "Still very good. Men's suits of best English material hand-tailored at \$42 to \$65. Swiss watches are half U. S. prices—a little cheaper than in Switzerland because there is no tax. Women's clothing similar."

"Pearls, cameras (German, Japanese or Swedish) cheaper than the producing countries. Hand-made shoes to order \$15 to \$20." (Kinkhead recommends Bob's in the Mandarin Hotel. "Double rooms at the Mandarin, Hong Kong's new and plush hotel looking right down on the harbor, \$13 to \$20 double.")

"How can a family arrange a moderate vacation

on a farm or ranch this summer?"

Buy the \$1 guide from Farm Vacations and Holidays, Inc., 36 E. 57th street, New York City. Choose your area and then shop the listings. A lot of these are real working farms. Great for children.

"You said the island of Madeira is very cheap. How

do you get there?" Even cheaper in the summer months. And when I was there in winter, the very BEST suite in the very BEST hotel was \$25 a day for two with ALL meals. (My room was about \$5 with all meals.) You get there from Lisbon. There's a comfortable overnight boat. Or the Portuguese airline TAP flies over in two hours. A very worn looking Constellation. But it gets there.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Squaw Valley 'Home Movies'

CAMP MARCHES ON: Alec Cushing, the squire of Squaw Valley, is laying fancy plans for a Summer festival, to begin July 29 atop his 8500-foot peak. Great stuff: a big restaurant topside, dancing at night, beer garden with strolling accordionists, square dances, fashion shows—AND the First Annual Douglas Dumbrille Film Festival, featuring his films and those of such other off-beaters as Veronica Lake, C. Aubrey Smith, Henry Armetta, Anna Mae Wong, George Arliss and Franklin Panghorn. Mr. Dumbrille, still spry and suave, promises to be there. You might not recognize his name, but you'll know him when you see him—"the appropriate phrase," he says, "for my headstone."

VIGNETTE: The unreality of our policy toward Red China (correction, China) was graphically illustrated at a luncheon here a few days ago. Among the guests was a Canadian businessman who mentioned casually that he had returned recently from Peking. Well, you never saw such a commotion. If he'd said he'd just returned from the moon, he couldn't have created more of a stir.

"Peking, CHINA?" another guest squeaked. The Canadian nodded: "Yes, Peking, China. I go back and forth quite often. Do a lot of business there in various things. On this trip, for instance, I bought \$600,000 worth of men's suits." This really confounded the natives. "You must be kidding," one of them ventured. "Not at all," continued the Canadian, half-smiling at the provincialism on all sides. "They make excellent suits. No offense—but as good as yours. They're synthetics plus English woollens. Sell 'em in Canada for about 20 per cent less than any other suits." He looked around at his shocked, open-mouthed listeners. "Say," he commented, "I'll bet you gentlemen think all the Chinese go around in flappy cotton bags. Well, they don't. In fact, most of them wear good clothes, look quite happy, and seem to be doing well."

Nobody wanted to hear that, of course, so a silence fell over the table, broken at last by a San Franciscan who said gruffly and defensively: "Well, come to think of it, why shouldn't they make decent suits? They're Chinese. This suit I'm wearing was made by a Chinese tailor in Hong Kong . . ."

FORGET IT: At the Coffee Gallery's Blabbermouth Night this wk., a string-haired Lystrata arose to declaim: "Until our troops are withdrawn from Viet Nam and Santa Domingo, I'm withholding my favors from men—and I urge all American women to do likewise." Female voice from the rear: "Fight your own war, honey!"

A VISITING Texan, a Birchy type who knows the President well, said here the other day in the course of a limpid conversation: "O! Lyndon's doing pretty good. On the home front, he comes out for civil rights and all that stuff to keep the liberals happy, and overseas, he's givin' us some fightin' to keep the rest of us happy. I guess that's what he means by the great consensus." . . . Add things I never knew till now about the hotel business: the general manager lives in the hotel, whereas the resident manager lives outside . . . Futher proof that women are the cooler sex: they start to perspire when the temperature reaches 91, whereas men begin at 84 . . . That "a go go" wheeze is old stuff. Steve O'Shea was browsing through a 1905 edition of Cassell's French Dictionary, and there it was: "a go go," meaning "in clover." Example: "Ette a go go—to live in clover" . . . The easiest cars in town to steal are fire engines, because they don't have keys—only a toggle switch for fast getaways. However, I don't recommend it. A hot fire engine is VERY hard to dispose of.

## Morning Report:

Robert Lowell, a poet, displayed poor taste and sense to match when he turned down an invitation to Mondays big White House Party. But I think we should be easy on him anyway.

Mr. Lowell doesn't like Mr. Johnson's foreign policy and so he stayed away. The fact is the President was not holding a political rally—only an arts festival to help the sale of good books, including any Mr. Lowell has kicking around.

But poets are the loneliest of artists, spending long hours in contemplating their navels. Naturally, the navel finally takes on global dimensions and acceptance of one free steak dinner becomes a great moral commitment. Poets are lonely. Also, often hungry.

Abe Mellinkoff